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On the Greenboro Nine

Ward Macauley

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THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

On the Greenboro Nine

An Entertainment in Three Acts

By

WARD MACAULEY

*Author of "Graduation Day at Woodhill School,"
"Lazy Bob Parkins," etc.*



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1914

PS635
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On the Greenboro Nine

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On the Greenboro Nine

CAST OF CHARACTERS

OLIVER RAMSHAW		<i>the Greenboro coach</i>
"SPEED" COLLINS	}	<i>star battery of the Greenboro team</i>
"BUCK" REYNOLDS		
"RABBIT" ELBURY		<i>the short-stop</i>
"SLATS" MCGEE		<i>on first base</i>
"SLUGGER" WALLACE		<i>right-field</i>
"PEP" LATIMER		<i>third-baseman</i>
"FATTY" BEECHER		<i>second-baseman</i>
"SQUARE" KING		<i>left-fielder</i>
"RED" PARKER		<i>center-fielder</i>
ROLLIE HERFORD		<i>the substitute pitcher</i>
JERRY MILMAN		<i>the extra catcher</i>
FRANK LAWLER		<i>utility man</i>
TED PALMER		<i>the umpire</i>
JED AMBOLE		<i>catcher of the Hawksville team</i>
RODDIE KOLER		<i>an enthusiastic rooter</i>
UNCLE JASPER		<i>a reluctant worker</i>
PROFESSOR LARKIN		<i>a chemistry expert</i>
BARKLEY		<i>manager of the Elmhurst Invincibles</i>
A MESSENGER BOY		
MR. HARRISON		<i>who has offered a scholarship</i>
MR. ROBERTS		<i>president of the academy</i>
		<i>Hawksville players, rooters, spectators, trainers,</i> <i>etc., as desired.</i>

Characters may in some cases be doubled. Thus the same person can easily play Uncle Jasper and the Umpire, and another person Professor Larkin and Jed Ambole.

TIME OF PLAYING.—One hour and a half.

STORY OF THE PLAY

"Speed" Collins, pitcher, and "Square" King, left-fielder, of the Greenboro team, are close rivals for a valuable scholarship. Collins and Reynolds, the team's catcher, practice to play in a game for money, and the coach therefore keeps them out of the big game with Hawksville. In revenge, they tell the other team the Greenboro battery signals. The last scene shows the Greenboro players' bench, with an exciting game in progress. "Square" King refuses to win for his side dishonestly, but Greenboro wins anyway, and "Square" gets the scholarship.

COSTUMES

JASPER. Old shirt, overalls and large straw hat.

MR. HARRISON, MR. ROBERTS, BARKLEY and MR. LARKIN. Ordinary summer costume.

THE BOYS. Act I, diversified schoolboy clothes, such as negligee shirts, jackets, tennis flannels, etc. Act II, same. Act III, same, with the exception of the players who are in baseball suits. Mark the Greenboro suits "G," and Hawksville "H," to avoid confusion.

MESSENGER. Regulation telegraph boy's costume.

DIRECTIONS

It should be noted that the baseball game is not played on the stage. It is supposed to be taking place off R., and the audience easily follows it by the words and acts of the players, whose bench is on the stage.

The prime requisite for a successful performance of "On the Greenboro Nine" is to get the baseball spirit into it and carry it through with plenty of ginger. A reading of the text will reveal the characteristics of the various characters and it will be necessary to choose the actors with this in

mind. Elbury should be small, Beecher either very fat or made up so, McGee tall and thin, Parker have red hair, etc.

The action off R. in Act III should be very carefully rehearsed. The umpire's voice, the crack of the bat when it hits the ball, or the ball as it comes into the catcher's mitt should be distinctly heard. It will not be difficult to imitate these noises and they should all be carefully timed. Applause by spectators, shouting by players and coaches may be interpolated as desired. There is room for clever stage direction, and if these details are given attention, a satisfactory performance is assured.

PROPERTIES

For **UNCLE JASPER**. Papers on the ground to pick up, rake, bushel basket, bandana.

For **KING**. A book.

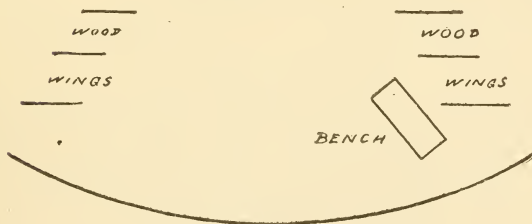
For **MESSENGER**. Telegraph sheet.

For **THE BOYS**. Gloves, bats, balls, etc.

SCENE PLOTS

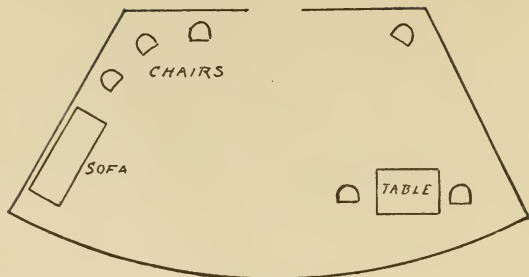
ACT I

LANDSCAPE DROP



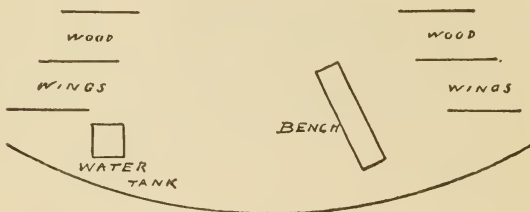
SCENE.—The campus at Greenboro. Landscape drop and wood wings. Rustic bench, L. Exits L. and R. Green covering on the floor. Other garden settings as desired. A very satisfactory effect may be had by dressing the stage with a few bushes and green plants, omitting landscape drop and wood wings.

ACT II

INTERIOR BACKING

SCENE.—A plainly furnished room in the academy. Table down L. Sofa and chairs (or chairs only), R. Entrance up C.

ACT III

LANDSCAPE DROP

SCENE.—The Greenboro bench during the game with Hawksville. Landscape drop and wood wings. Bench, L. C. Water tank down R. Entrances R. and L. A very satisfactory effect may be had by dressing stage with a few bushes, etc., omitting drop and wood wings.

On the Greenboro Nine

ACT I

SCENE.—*The campus at Greenboro. A bench down L.*

(As the curtain rises, UNCLE JASPER is raking the lawn and picking up papers, which he is placing in a bushel basket. He takes off his large hat and mops his hot brow.)

(Enter "RABBIT" ELBURY, L.)

ELBURY. Pretty hot to-day, Uncle Jasper.

JASPER. You am most suttinly c'rect on dat 'ere p'int, Mistah Elbury, an' if you had to rake off this here lawn —

ELBURY. I wish I could get a rake-off.

JASPER. You done can do dis here job.

ELBURY. No, thank you. I've got other fish to fry.

JASPER. If you-all happens to have any extra fish, don't you go forget yo' old Uncle Jasper. *(He sits down and fans himself.)* It am most suttinly pow'ful hot.

ELBURY. It is warm, Uncle Jasper.

JASPER. De good Lawd never intended no human man to work on such a hot day. Reach me that there paper. *(ELBURY accommodately puts the leaf into his basket.)* Dey ain't no sense goin' foh to pick up all them papers. Dey'll all be back to-morrow. What foh you boys litter up this place, anyhow?

ELBURY. If we didn't, there wouldn't be any work for you, Uncle Jasper, and you'd lose your job. Well, I've got to be going. Better get up. Here comes Prexy.

(Exit ELBURY, hastily, L.)

(Enter MR. HARRISON and MR. ROBERTS, R. JASPER slowly retreats to rear of stage and very deliberately moves his rake to and fro.)

MR. ROBERTS. The Ethiopian's aversion to acceleration of action is very apparent, Mr. Harrison.

JASPER. Dat ar man's talking about me. I can feel it in my bones.

MR. HARRISON. Quite so, Mr. Roberts. Now, in regard to this scholarship—how do matters stand?

MR. ROBERTS. It's really nip and tuck between two men, Collins and King, both fine scholars and, strange to say, very prominent in athletics.

MR. HARRISON. That's good. A sound mind in a sound body is the proper combination.

MR. ROBERTS. Collins learns very easily. He jumps at conclusions, but he usually jumps right. He can learn as fast as you can tell it to him, and he has a memory a mile long. Now, King is just the opposite. He digs for what he gets, works hard, "bones," as the boys call it, but he gets there.

MR. HARRISON. It's close between these two, did you say?

MR. ROBERTS. Practically tie. King has a shade in mathematics, while Collins is slightly better in history. Otherwise their records are a draw. To-morrow morning we test them on some laboratory experiments in chemistry. That may tell the tale.

MR. HARRISON. I am going to watch the boys as opportunity offers, but don't let any one know who offered the scholarship.

MR. ROBERTS. That's understood.

MR. HARRISON. I want this to go to the best all-round boy, best in studies and best in character; and remember I am to be the final judge.

MR. ROBERTS. Of course.

(They exeunt L. JASPER drops his rake and lies down, with his chin propped in his hand. He fans himself and mops his forehead.)

(Enter "SPEED" COLLINS, "BUCK" REYNOLDS and "PEP" LATIMER, R.)

COLLINS. Take it from me, boys, that was some feed we had last night.

REYNOLDS. You're right it was some feed. I wonder if Prexy got wise the gang was out,

LATIMER. I guess we kept it pretty dark. Sort of a celebration of your getting the scholarship, eh, Speed?

COLLINS. I guess I have as good a chance as anybody.

REYNOLDS. Sure, you've got it in your pocket. No one in Greenboro can hold a candle to you.

COLLINS. There's King.

REYNOLDS. Pooh! He's too slow.

LATIMER. He gets there, though.

COLLINS. I think I can show him up in this chemistry lab work. It's going to cost me nine dollars for the instruments, too.

REYNOLDS. Nine dollars?

COLLINS. Yes, and I had to wire the governor, too. Old Smithkins wouldn't trust me for them.

REYNOLDS. Too near the end of the term, eh?

COLLINS. I guess that was it. Anyway, I hope I get the money soon, or I'll have to call on you fellows.

REYNOLDS. Gee, I haven't a red. I'm up against it.

LATIMER. I expect a remittance.

REYNOLDS. Don't worry. It won't come.

COLLINS. I hope there won't be any hitch. Come on over and ask Smithkins to lay them aside for us, though I hate to buy from the old tight-wad.

(Exeunt LATIMER, COLLINS and REYNOLDS, L. After a moment OLIVER RAMSHAW and "SQUARE" KING enter R. KING has a book in his hand.)

RAMSHAW. What do you expect to do after you leave Greenboro, Square?

KING. I hope to go to Harvard, Mr. Ramshaw. It'll be a stiff job, because I'll have to work my way through. The folks are too poor to pay my way.

RAMSHAW. What course will you take?

KING. Engineering. Ever since I can remember, I have wanted to be an engineer. First, of course, it was a locomotive engineer. It started, I think, in a picture book my uncle gave me when I had reached the mature age of two years. And I still want to be an engineer, though of a different sort.

RAMSHAW *(laughing)*. As the twig is bent! Maybe you might win the scholarship.

KING. No, I guess not. Collins has that cinched, and he deserves it, too. He's a brilliant fellow.

RAMSHAW. I don't know that I ought to tell you this, but I have an inside tip that you and Collins are practically tied, and that the chemistry test to-morrow will decide it.

KING. I guess he's got me in chemistry. It's always been my weak point, but I'll try for it, you may be sure. His folks could send him to college if it came to a pinch.

RAMSHAW. You have a great chance, Square.

KING. I've got to put in some time on it. Right here on this bench is as good a place as any.

RAMSHAW. Better than most. Well, see you later, Square. Be out at practice at three-thirty. I told the fellows they must all be there. Good luck.

(Exit, R. KING sits on bench, L.)

(Enter PROFESSOR LARKIN, L. He carefully observes KING, and after a moment approaches.)

LARKIN. Mr. King, is it not?

KING. Yes, sir.

LARKIN. May I take a seat, Mr. King? I want to discuss a little matter of business with you.

(KING looks at his book regretfully but makes room for the professor on the bench beside him.)

KING. Business with me, sir?

LARKIN. Yes. My name is Larkin, sir; Professor Larkin, instructor in many branches, but specializing in chemistry.

KING. Chemistry has always been a stumbling block to me.

LARKIN. Quite so. It was in relation to that fact that I ventured to address you. I have good reason to believe that you have an excellent chance to win the scholarship.

KING. Well, I'm hoping. It means a lot to me to win!

LARKIN. A most laudable ambition, my dear young man. I commend you unreservedly. I feel all the more inclined to aid you if it be within my power.

KING. Aid me? What do you mean?

LARKIN. As I believe I mentioned, I have specialized in chemistry. It occurred to me that possibly we could arrange something in the way of tutoring.

KING. But, my dear sir, the examination takes place to-morrow morning.

LARKIN. All the greater need for sharp and decisive action. An hour or so in my laboratory and I think you would be splendidly equipped to do yourself justice. My terms for tutoring are very reasonable. Ten dollars will easily cover everything.

KING. But look here, I am not brilliant in chemistry. I can't hope to learn it all in an afternoon, no matter how expert the instructor.

LARKIN. Quite so. That is hardly necessary. What I had in mind was that you might brush up on the particular points likely to be covered by the examination.

KING. Yes?

LARKIN. Of course, I make no guarantee, but I feel I am warranted in saying that I can safely forecast the general nature of the experiments. Forewarned is forearmed.

KING (*rising*). Let me tell you something, Professor Larkin. I want to win that scholarship. It means a great big chance for me, but if I have to win it by trickery, I'm going to give it up right now.

LARKIN (*rising*). Softly, young man. Sometimes the end justifies the means. Just think what four years in Harvard can do for you.

KING. Yes, four years, and every minute of every day saying to me: "You don't belong here. You cheated to get in. You have honors you don't deserve." No, sir, I don't care for any of that game, thank you.

LARKIN (*turning to exit R.*). It doesn't pay to be too sensitive, Mr. King. You will find that out as you get further on in life. I trust you will keep this conversation in confidence.

KING. I am as much ashamed of it as you are.

(LARKIN *draws himself up haughtily and exits R.* KING *picks up his book and saunters off L.*)

(*Enter* MR. HARRISON and MR. ROBERTS, R.)

MR. HARRISON. Who was that we just passed?

MR. ROBERTS. That's old Larkin. He used to teach here.

MR. HARRISON. He has an intellectual face.

MR. ROBERTS. Yes. He's very clever, but I'm sorry to say he's not honest. We had to drop him. Too bad.

MR. HARRISON. It's a shame to have talents wasted.

MR. ROBERTS. He can't get a position anywhere. How he lives is a mystery.

(Exeunt, L.)

(Enter ELBURY, R.)

ELBURY *(turning to JASPER)*. Do a good job, Uncle Jasper.

JASPER. Guess Ah'm all through. Them lawn am plenty clean 'nough.

ELBURY *(teasing)*. There's a little piece of paper, Uncle Jasper.

(JASPER turns and picks it up with great deliberation and exits L. Exit ELBURY, L.)

After a moment COLLINS, REYNOLDS and LATIMER enter L.

COLLINS. Well, that's fixed, anyway.

JASPER *(off L.)*. Yassir, dat ar's him. Dat ar chap, right dar.

(Enter MESSENGER BOY, L.)

MESSENGER. Mr. Collins?

COLLINS. I am Mr. Collins. What do you want?

MESSENGER. A telegram for you, sir. Sign here.

COLLINS *(signing)*. Telegrams always mean trouble for me. I hate to open it.

REYNOLDS. Better get it over with. Here, let me rip it open.

COLLINS. I guess not. I can read my own telegrams. Here goes. *(Opens telegram and reads it aloud.)* "I sent you money for instruments. Positively will not send more without satisfactory explanation. Father."

REYNOLDS. What do you say to that?

COLLINS. Boys, I'm up a tree. There goes the scholarship unless you can help me out.

REYNOLDS. I told you how I'm fixed. Speed, it looks to me like your governor doesn't care whether you get the scholarship or not.

COLLINS. Care? You bet he cares. He expects me to win it. He's always said that he would never forgive me if I let any other fellow beat a Collins. He won a scholarship himself.

LATIMER. It seems funny, then, he won't send the coin.

COLLINS. He's peculiar. I guess he thinks I've been gambling, and he'd never stand for that. Well, I don't dare tell him about that supper. It looks as though I'm all through. It's pretty late to do anything.

LATIMER. Can't you borrow from one of the profs?

COLLINS. Fine chance. I'd just love to go through the cross-examination they'd give me before they would separate from any real money.

LATIMER. Cross-examination's right. Well, I've got to meander. See you later, fellows.

(*Exit, L.*)

COLLINS. I don't know what I can do, Buck, my boy. I was a fool to give that celebration until I had the change right in my jeans.

REYNOLDS. No doubt of it, Speed.

COLLINS. I noticed you ate as much as the next one, Buck.

(*Enter BARKLEY, L.*)

BARKLEY. Is this Mr. Collins? (COLLINS *nods*.) Mr. Speed Collins?

COLLINS. They call me Speed; eh, Bucky?

REYNOLDS. I guess they've got good reason.

BARKLEY. This is your catcher, I take it?

COLLINS. Yes, his name's Reynolds. What's yours?

BARKLEY. Barkley. I'm manager of the Elmhurst Invincibles, Mr. Collins. (*He looks furtively around.*) We've got a game on over at Pikeville this afternoon, and at the last minute my pitcher had to go and get sick. I'm up against it. This game means a lot to our gang. I got a tip that you're a star and I came over here hot-foot, to take you back with me.

COLLINS. What can you give me?

BARKLEY. I'll give you five dollars apiece, and get you over and back. I've got a machine with me.

COLLINS (*shaking his head*). No, I can't see it, Mr. Barkley.

REYNOLDS. Take us for a couple of dubs, eh? Maybe Rollie would pitch for him for a five-spot, Speed.

BARKLEY. I tell you what I'll do. I'll give you twenty-five dollars, and you split it as you like.

COLLINS (*motioning to* REYNOLDS). Come here, Buck. Let's talk it over.

BARKLEY. Sure, but make it yes.

COLLINS. This will put me on Easy Street.

REYNOLDS. We split even?

COLLINS. Sure; half and half. All I want is the nine for my instruments, anyway. It's dangerous, though. Ramshaw said every man must be out for practice to-day without fail. No excuses will go.

REYNOLDS. He won't discipline us. Why, he can't get along without us, can he?

COLLINS. I guess he can—not. Why, Hawksville would eat Greenboro alive if it wasn't for the star battery.

REYNOLDS. Better take a chance.

COLLINS. It will have to be incog.

REYNOLDS. Incog? You've got me.

COLLINS. Use different names, Bucky, so they won't get wise. I guess we can put it over. I don't know a soul in Pikeville.

REYNOLDS. Nor me—and I don't want to, what's more.

COLLINS (*turning to* BARKLEY). Mr. Barkley, meet Mr. Jones—and I am Mr. Hamilton.

BARKLEY. I've got you. Good. The car's down on Main Street. Meet you there in five minutes. Have you back before supper.

(*Exit, L.*)

COLLINS. Now, isn't that luck!

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Room at Greenboro Academy. Evening.*

(*As the curtain rises, "SLATS" MCGEE and ELBURY enter C.*)

ELBURY (*looking at his watch*). Ten minutes to seven. We're here early. Something must have happened when we got any place early. (*Sits on table down L.*)

MCGEE. Did old Snack teach you that? (*Sits R.*)

ELBURY. Teach me what?

MCGEE. To say, "We got any place early."

ELBURY. No, nor he didn't teach you to call him "old Snack," either.

MCGEE. He is old and his name is Snack, so it's a descriptive term and not disrespectful—see, Rabbit?

ELBURY. If so, call him "old Snack" in class next week and watch for results.

MCGEE. I always pursue the more peaceful paths of life, Rabbit, believe me.

ELBURY. All joking and for publication stuff in the ginger-jar, Slats, what do you think is going to happen to-morrow?

MCGEE. Take it from me, Jack, we are going to make one fine cleaning up with that Hawksville crowd.

ELBURY. Where do you get the "Jack" from, Slats?

MCGEE. Why, from Rabbit, you ossified exhibition of density. Jack Rabbit, to be sure. But how can you figure it that Hawksville's got a chance to lick us?

ELBURY. They did last year, Slats.

MCGEE (*disgusted*). You certainly make me very, very fatigued, Rabbit. Why, last year we didn't have the great battery, Collins and Reynolds, did we? No, we did not. Pass to the head of the class. Why, that bunch won't get a real good look at one of Speed's smoke balls. When the umpire waves 'em out they'll claim he never pitched the ball. Furthermore, I wasn't on the team last year.

ELBURY. No, and some say you won't be next year——

MCGEE. Why, you insignificant little bit of a Rabbit,

just wait till I lay hands on you. (*Pursues ELBURY around the room. ELBURY puts chairs in his way and leads him a good chase, but is finally captured, down C. McGEE shakes him roughly.*) Do you take that back, you small-sized shrimp, you? (*Shakes him some more.*)

ELBURY. Let me go, let me go, you big toothpick, let me go. I was only joking. Can't you take a joke?

McGEE (*allowing ELBURY to rise*). Not when it's on me I can't. Now, don't you ever make any more of your nasty insinuations. Who was it won the game over at Pell-hurst by making a home run with the bases full?

ELBURY. Yes, and who lost one over at Camberg by muffing an easy pop-fly with two out in the ninth? (*Sits R.*)

McGEE. The sun got in my eyes.

ELBURY. You'd been eating too much pop-corn, that's all.

McGEE. Pop-corn?

ELBURY (*C.*). Yes, and the butter got on your fingers.

McGEE. Never mind that, Jack, or I'll oscillate you some more.

ELBURY. So long as you don't osculate me, I can stand it.

McGEE. Oh, I'll leave that to cross-eyed Susan.

(*ELBURY makes a grimace.*)

ELBURY (*sitting on table, L.*). But I say, Slats, won't we be up against it if Collins can't pitch?

McGEE. If Collins can't pitch? Please talk sense if you can, Rabbit. Do you expect that Collins is going to be killed, wounded or spirited away between now and three P. M. to-morrow?

ELBURY. You know the coach said every man on the team must be out for practice to-day. Collins and Reynolds weren't there, were they?

McGEE. Coach Ramshaw's got too much sense to do any disciplining before to-morrow's game.

ELBURY. Yes, but suppose —

McGEE (*exasperated*). D'you suppose for one minute that Ollie Ramshaw has no better sense than to give away the biggest game of the season by keeping his star pitcher out? Your vaporings are very wearying to-night, Rabbit; unusually so.

ELBURY (*doubtfully*). I know, but Ramshaw's got a

will of his own. He told the fellows to be there, and he said he wouldn't excuse anybody.

McGEE. He won't keep Collins out. But if he does and we lose, why, by this time to-morrow, there'll be a petition a mile long, all duly signed, that we have a new coach next year. (*Enter COLLINS and REYNOLDS, C., and come down C.*) Hello, Speed. Hello, Buck. Where were you this P. M.?

REYNOLDS. None of your business, to be entirely frank with you, Slats.

ELBURY. Ramshaw said that everybody had to be out.

COLLINS. We weren't out, were we?

ELBURY. Why, no —

COLLINS. Then everybody didn't have to be out, did they?

ELBURY. He might keep you out of the game.

(*COLLINS, REYNOLDS and McGEE laugh heartily.*)

COLLINS. Yes, Ollie Ramshaw is full of just such tricks. He's too fond of his job to do any monkeying with the band-wagon.

ELBURY. If he had another good —

COLLINS. There you go with that "if" of yours. We'd have beaten Hawksville last year if we'd made more runs. If he had a good substitute he could tell me where I got off at, but as it is, I guess Bucky and I have a little edge on him. Eh, Bucky?

REYNOLDS. You're right there, Speed.

ELBURY. You don't think much of Rollie?

(*Goes L., joining McGEE.*)

COLLINS (*laughing*). Oh, Rollie'd be all right for a kindergarten team, but say, those Hawksville boys'd knock his shoots into the next county. You can't tell his curve and his fast one apart.

ELBURY. They tell me he's practicing a slow one.

REYNOLDS (*going R.*). Oh, his fast one is a slow one. Don't I know? I've caught him. Could do it barehanded.

McGEE. I guess with you in the box, Speedy, old top, we can hand 'em a bunch of goose-eggs, maybe.

COLLINS (*going R.*). If the old smoke gets to working right, their bats won't help 'em much.

REYNOLDS. You'll find us in the big leagues yet.

(Enter RAMSHAW and KING, C., closely followed by the other members of the team.)

RAMSHAW (C.). Hello, fellows. Now, let's get busy. Hello, Collins. Have you anything to say to me? And how about you, Reynolds?

(He steps aside to give them a chance to speak privately.)

COLLINS (*in a surly tone*). I don't know as I have anything special.

RAMSHAW. How about you, Buck?

REYNOLDS. Me, neither.

RAMSHAW. You're quite sure?

COLLINS. Quite sure for mine.

REYNOLDS. Same with me.

RAMSHAW. Think hard. (*Pauses.*) Nothing special to say? (COLLINS and REYNOLDS *nod negatively*. RAMSHAW, *decidedly*.) Very well. Herford and Milman will be the battery for to-morrow's game.

McGEE

ELBURY

"FATTY" BEECHER

{ (*in protest*). Oh, Mr. Ramshaw,
we've got to win that game.

RAMSHAW. That's all right. There was practice to-day. Every man was supposed to be there. Every man who wants to see Greenboro win was there. These fellows sent no excuse. They offer none now. Herford and Milman start the game to-morrow.

ELBURY (*aside to McGEE*). Start's right.

COLLINS. Just as you like, Ramshaw. If you want to throw the game by keeping us out, go ahead.

REYNOLDS. There'll be a new coach here next year, I bet.

RAMSHAW. I don't care about next year. We're going to have discipline on this club, if they lick us nine to nothing.

COLLINS. All right, if you fellows want to play on the team and be made monkeys of, that's your funeral. I guess I know better how to keep in training than any upstart coach.

RAMSHAW. As you like, Collins, but Herford starts the game.

COLLINS (*to* REYNOLDS). Guess we had better sneak, Buck. We aren't wanted in this crowd. Ta, ta, Rammie, old chap; hope you win the game to-morrow. So long, fellows.

(*Exeunt* COLLINS and REYNOLDS *airily*, c.)

RAMSHAW. Now, don't you quit, boys. Herford is a mighty good pitcher and he has developed a slow ball that is a peach. If we play the game to the limit, we'll beat that Hawksville crowd hands down. Now, if they pitch Houser, we'll start bunting on him. He's got a beautiful curve, but he's fat as a porker, and he'll fall all over himself picking up the ball. Never mind if you get out, keep on trying. Houser can't hold out if we make him field bunts.

"RED" PARKER. But suppose they pitch Remington?

RAMSHAW. I don't think they will, but if they do, hit it a mile. He makes his curve break just about once in three times.

KING. Who catches for them?

RAMSHAW. Ambole or White. Ambole's a dandy catcher, but a punk hitter. You won't steal bases on him. White's a joke behind the bat, but he can lace the ball to the four corners of the lot.

ROLLIE HERFORD. The more weak hitters, the better for me.

RAMSHAW. Nonsense, Rollie; if you get your slow ball working, they'll break their backs reaching for it.

KING. Excuse me a minute, will you, Mr. Ramshaw? I want to have a word with Collins, if I can find him.

RAMSHAW. Sure, go ahead. It won't do any good, though. (*Exit* KING, c.) The batting order will be the same as we used this afternoon. But I think I'll change the signals. Oh, King! Oh, he got out, didn't he? Never mind, I'll tell him later. Right hand to the cap means hit and run. Left hand means nothing. I'll coach the battery in signals at one o'clock to-morrow afternoon. I guess that's all for to-night, boys, but remember, a stiff upper lip. We are going to lick Hawksville to-morrow, and little Herford is going to blossom out as a star pitcher.

(*All exeunt* c., *talking and laughing*. *After a moment* COLLINS and REYNOLDS *enter* c.)

COLLINS. Well, I guess they've gone.

REYNOLDS. Sure they're gone. I heard them on the stairs.

COLLINS (*shaking his fist toward the door*). I'll fix him yet, sure as you're a foot high, Bucky.

REYNOLDS. I'm in on that, Speedy, my boy.

COLLINS. Of course we ought to have been out to practice, but where would that twenty-five be if we had? What's it to him, anyway?

REYNOLDS. He's not going to boss me.

COLLINS. I'm not sure whether to let things take their course, or to make dead sure.

REYNOLDS. Oh, make dead sure. How can we do it?

COLLINS. As I dope it out, they'll slug the daylights out of Herford, anyway. His curve isn't visible to the naked eye, but if they were to happen to know when he was going to put it in the groove, why, our boys'd never get 'em out. Then again, Buck, my boy, if they knew positively when our fellows were going to try to hit and run and pitched out for it, they'd get the runner every time.

REYNOLDS. Yes, if they knew.

COLLINS. Maybe we could fix it so they would know.

REYNOLDS. That's the stuff, Speed. We'll show 'em up.

COLLINS. Of course, if I went to their coach, he'd throw me out bodily, but Jed Ambole, their catcher's not so thin-skinned. If he knew the signals, he'd be willing to profit by it. Jed always manages to put up a little money on the game, and he'd just as soon make his little ten-spot safer. I can manage to get hold of Jed before the game and cook it all up, if you just say the word.

REYNOLDS. Go to it, Speedy, old boy; consider the word said.

COLLINS. I'll look to you to back me up of anything happens.

REYNOLDS. I guess we'll show old Ramshaw how good his team is without us. I hope the score's twenty to nothing.

COLLINS. It'll be that bad, at least, Bucky.

(*Enter KING, C.*)

KING. Hello, fellows, I've been looking for you. Better come on along with the rest of the gang. Don't sulk just because you're being disciplined. Take your medicine.

COLLINS. Oh, we're all right.

REYNOLDS. Sure, nothing sticks in my crop.

KING. I'm glad to hear it. We must all pull for old Greenboro, you know.

COLLINS. How about the signals, King? Did Rammie make any changes? We weren't out to practice, you know.

KING. No, I haven't heard of anything different. (COLLINS and REYNOLDS exchange significant glances.) Come on, fellows, and we'll hunt up the crowd.

COLLINS. Nix; bed for mine. Rammie might let me pitch yet.

REYNOLDS. The downy sounds good to me.

KING. I'll tell the fellows you're not sore.

COLLINS. Sure; go as far as you like.

CURTAIN

ACT III

SCENE.—*The Greenboro bench during the game with Hawksville. Bats lying on ground, R., water-tank, R., bench a little left of C.*

(As the curtain rises, the Greenboro players are putting on their gloves, preparing to take the field. COLLINS and REYNOLDS are on the bench. The boys shout: "Greenboro! Greenboro! Whip-de-ray de-boom-de-ay, Greenboro!" TED PALMER is not on the stage; his voice is heard off R.)

RAMSHAW *(as he follows the boys off R.)*. Hold 'em down, fellows. Get the first one.

REYNOLDS. Can you beat it, Speed, for a kid to go in and pitch a game like that?

PALMER *(heard off R.)*. Ball one.

COLLINS. I thought by now they'd have made twenty runs.

PALMER. Strike one.

REYNOLDS. Nothing to nothing for six innings is going some. Our signals don't seem to help them any.

COLLINS. There it goes. I wonder if Elbury will fumble that one.

REYNOLDS. For small hands, the Rabbit's have got more holes in them than anybody's I know of.

COLLINS *(disgusted)*. No, he's got the fellow out.

REYNOLDS. Are you sure you got the signals to them, Speed?

PALMER. Ball one. . . . Ball two.

COLLINS. I told them all to Ambole myself. He was tickled to death.

PALMER. Strike one. . . . Strike two. . . .

REYNOLDS. Well, he doesn't seem to be getting any good out of them. Why, they ought to have about six home runs by now.

PALMER. Strike three. You're out.

REYNOLDS. Just look at that. Struck out, and he never lifted his bat.

COLLINS. Well, this Hawksville crowd are certainly a bunch of rubes. Why, they wouldn't even have got a foul off me.

REYNOLDS. There it goes.

COLLINS. Right on the nose. It's a homer, sure! Just look at that ball go.

REYNOLDS. Maybe King'll get it.

COLLINS. Aw, you make me very tired, Bucky. He won't get within a mile of it.

REYNOLDS. Look at him run.

COLLINS. It won't do him any good.

REYNOLDS. Just look at him. (*Applause off R.*) I told you he'd get it.

COLLINS. Aw, King is always butting in like that.

(*The Greenboro players come running in R., excited and happy.*)

ELBURY. Wasn't that catch of King's a peach?

MCGEE. A peach? A whole bushel of 'em.

BEECHER. Better make it an orchard.

KING. It was a lucky stab. (*The players are slapping KING on the back and congratulating him.*) And let me tell you, boys, don't make any mistake, Rollie's getting to be a pitcher. Why, that slow ball of his is as deceptive as a magician's trick.

(*KING and MCGEE are selecting bats and swinging them lightly.*)

RAMSHAW. Get 'em this time. Keep right on bunting. He's pretty tired now.

PALMER. Batter up!

RAMSHAW. Go to him, Square, old chap.

(*KING, bat in hand, starts off R.*)

PALMER. Ball one. . . . Ball two.

BEECHER. He'll get a pass.

RAMSHAW. No, there he goes; a beautiful bunt.

COLLINS. Aw, they've got him out by a yard.

PALMER. Ye're out.

MCGEE. Let me hit it a mile, Mr. Ramshaw.

RAMSHAW. No, bunt it. That's the game.

(*Exit MCGEE, R.*)

COLLINS. Let 'em bunt if they want to.

PALMER. Foul. . . . Strike. . . . Strike two.

. . . You're out.

REYNOLDS. He tried to bunt a third strike.

(Laughs loudly.)

RAMSHAW *(to MCGEE, who has returned crestfallen)*. That's all right, Slats. We'll get 'em yet. Watch Beecher.

COLLINS. Going to let the fat boy bunt?

BEECHER *(walking off R.)*. Yes. And watch me get away with it, bench-warmer!

PALMER. Ball one. . . . Strike one.

RAMSHAW. There it goes now. *(The fellows on the bench, except COLLINS and REYNOLDS, are much excited.)* Fatty's made a perfect bunt. Aw, look at that throw. Missed the first-baseman a mile. Fatty's going to make third.

(Great applause and shouting off R.)

COLLINS *(to REYNOLDS)*. That human giraffe thought he was flying a kite. You couldn't reach that throw with a step-ladder.

RAMSHAW. Come on, Slugger, a single means a run. I'll coach on third.

(Exit, R.)

COLLINS. Good-night.

REYNOLDS. Stay as long as you like.

(Exit "SLUGGER" WALLACE, R.)

MCGEE. Aw, keep still, can't you?

COLLINS. Remain after school, and I shall chastise you severely, Slats.

PALMER. Ball one. . . . Ball two.

SEVERAL IN CHORUS. He can't put it over. He can't put it over.

MCGEE. If he does, Wallace'll knock the cover off it.

COLLINS *(sarcastically)*. Oh, isn't he going to bunt?

MCGEE. Not with two out, you dummy.

HERFORD. There it goes.

ELBURY. It's a hit! It's a hit!

PALMER. You're out.

McGEE. Out? Why, the robber! Wallace was safe a yard.

(*Uproar from others. Mingled applause and jeers off R.*)

RAMSHAW (*entering*). Shut up, fellows. The umpire says out.

REYNOLDS. If the umpire called you a fool, I suppose you'd be one.

McGEE (*laughing*). You would, whether he called you one or not.

(*REYNOLDS makes a pass at McGEE, who side-steps nimbly. The other players are gradually preparing for the field.*)

RAMSHAW. This inning's easy. Ambole and Houser can't get half a hit between them.

HERFORD (*near exit*). I need all the easy ones I can get.

McGEE (*turning to exit*). How's Elsie, Rollie?

HERFORD (*pretending innocence*). Elsie who?

(*Loud guffaws as the boys rush out on the field, R. RAMSHAW follows, encouraging the players as they go.*)

REYNOLDS (*to COLLINS*). If anybody ought to be wise, it is Ambole.

PALMER. Strike one.

JED AMBOLE (*off R.*). Aw, go on. It was 'way over my head.

PALMER. Strike two.

COLLINS. Look at that. Rollie clipped one over while he was argufying.

(*Enter RAMSHAW, R., and stands R. watching the game.*)

REYNOLDS. Jed doesn't go after it as though he knew what was coming.

COLLINS. Take it from me, Jed Ambole, next to Mike Houser, is positively the poorest batter in captivity.

PALMER. Ball one.

REYNOLDS. Right over the pan, at that.

COLLINS. The umpire's evening up for that strike Ambole kicked about.

PALMER. Strike three. You're out.

REYNOLDS. Isn't Ambole the happy kid? Just look at that face.

COLLINS. They'll get to that slow ball yet.

REYNOLDS. Yes—especially when they know what's coming.

PALMER. Ball one. . . . Strike one.

COLLINS. Lift your bat, you jumbo.

PALMER. Strike two.

REYNOLDS. Didn't he make a wicked smash?

COLLINS. Yes, he did—not.

PALMER. Strike three. You're out.

VOICE (*off R.*). Mr. Ramshaw is wanted.

(*Exit RAMSHAW, R.*)

COLLINS. Now they've got the head of their line-up, they ought to do something.

PALMER. Batter up.

COLLINS. This Smith is some batter, too, they tell me.

PALMER. Ball one.

REYNOLDS. Whew! Did you see that ball come in? What's Herford trying to do, anyway?

COLLINS (*grudgingly*). It sure did have some smoke on it. I didn't know the kid could throw a ball like that.

PALMER. Ball two.

REYNOLDS. The slow one, just a little wide.

PALMER. Ball three.

COLLINS. He can't control that slow one any more. You watch. It's a pass, sure.

PALMER. Strike one.

REYNOLDS. He cut the pan that time. Now, it'll be the fast one right over.

PALMER. Strike two.

REYNOLDS. Just as I told you. Smith never bit at it. Now watch him go for this one.

COLLINS. He'll pickle it, too. Ambole's put him wise. Some of the fellows Jed didn't dare tell—knew they'd tell the coach. Too honorable—all that guff. But Smith's not too tender to take a hint.

REYNOLDS. This is the one that tells the story.

COLLINS. Never mind watching the batter. Watch the center field fence.

REYNOLDS. Tell that pitcher to stop posing and throw the ball.

COLLINS. Some wind-up, eh?

REYNOLDS. There it goes. It's the fast one.

COLLINS. Wait till he pickles it.

REYNOLDS. He knows what's coming. Look at him stepping right up into it. (COLLINS and REYNOLDS *jump to their feet excitedly.*) Into it's right. It caught him right on the head. Gee, that's a nasty one.

PALMER (*calling*). Is there a doctor present?

(*Several Greenboro players rush excitedly to the water-tank.*)

COLLINS. Is it a bad one?

BEECHER. Right on the head.

McGEE. And the speed. Why, it was like a cannon shot.

(*Exeunt a couple of Greenboro players with water.*)

COLLINS. That's tough, Bucky. He got twisted somehow in the signals.

REYNOLDS. Why, he stepped right into it. I didn't know the kid could throw a ball like that.

COLLINS. Well, I hope they don't find out we tipped them off.

(AMBOLE *rushes in, excited and angry. He whirls upon COLLINS.*)

AMBOLE. It's all your fault. You gave us the signals, didn't you? (*The Greenboro players flock around; also several Hawksville players.*) Well, you gave us the double cross, that's what you did, and I have a mind to rap your head for you. I told him the signal and your pitcher signed for a straight one, and when Smithy stepped into it, it curved right into his face. (*Angry murmurs from the players.*) Caught him near the temple. It won't be your fault if he's not killed. I'm going to help carry him off the field, but I'll settle with you fellows later.

(*They all exeunt R. to see the injured player. REYNOLDS and COLLINS remain at R. of stage, looking off R.*)

COLLINS. We're in one neat little box, Bucky. We'll be lucky if we aren't expelled, and if the faculty get wise, it will be good-night to that scholarship.

REYNOLDS. I was afraid you'd get us in Dutch, Speedy.

COLLINS. Me? I didn't have anything more to do with it than you did.

REYNOLDS. We'll deny the whole thing, and then see what they can prove.

(Enter RAMSHAW, R.)

RAMSHAW. I have a telegram from the president of the conference. He says you two fellows played professional ball under other names yesterday. You are ineligible to play for Greenboro or any other amateur team until the conference reinstates you.

COLLINS. There isn't any use our defending ourselves, I suppose?

RAMSHAW. No. I can't do anything until you are reinstated.

COLLINS. I suppose we'll have to leave the bench.

RAMSHAW. That's the rule, Mr. Collins.

REYNOLDS. Aw, come along, Speed.

(Exeunt COLLINS and REYNOLDS, jauntily, L.)

(Loud cheers are heard off R. MCGEE enters hastily, R.)

MCGEE. He's better, but Perkins is going to play in his place.

PALMER. Play ball! Batter, take your base!

(Enter RODDIE KOLER and FRANK LAWLER.)

LAWLER. I thought I'd better get down here in case you need me, Mr. Ramshaw.

KOLER. Going to let me see the finish from the bench, Mr. Ramshaw?

RAMSHAW. Sure. There's plenty of room. If Rollie broke an arm, we'd be up against it.

PALMER. Strike one.

KOLER. Who is this fellow, anyway?

RAMSHAW. His name is Powers.

PALMER. Strike two.

KOLER. Well, he doesn't live up to it.

LAWLER. Look at that wallop he took. The whole crowd of them are sore.

PALMER. Ball one.

KOLER. Yes, as sore as a boil.

RAMSHAW. They think we purposely fooled them about the signals, and as a consequence Smith got hurt.

PALMER. You're out.

KOLER. Struck him out, by ginger. Whip-de-ray-de-boom-de-aye, Greenboro!

(The Greenboro players troop in, excited, but very much in earnest.)

RAMSHAW. Now's the time to get the run, boys. All Rollie needs is one. Go out and get it.

(PARKER, LATIMER and ELBURY select bats. The others sit around on the ground and on the bench. PARKER exits R. to bat.)

BEECHER. This is the toughest game we ever got into. Nothing to nothing in the last half of the eighth.

MCGEE. Some pitching for amateurs.

ELBURY. This is the inning where we win.

JERRY MILMAN. Not by the look of that.

PALMER. You're out.

RAMSHAW. You're up, Pep. Go right after them. We've got him tired. Hit it out.

SEVERAL. You can do it, Pep.

(Exit LATIMER determinedly, R.)

MILMAN. Did we ever lick Hawksville?

RAMSHAW. If we ever did it was so long ago that they don't even teach it in the Ancient History class.

PALMER. Strike one.

BEECHER. Look at that ball go. *(The players jump to their feet excitedly. All are very tense until loud applause is heard off R.)* By George, that was a circus catch.

RAMSHAW. Robbed us of a homer, sure. Two down. Go right after it, Rabbit.

ELBURY *(at exit, R.)*. Watch me work him for a base on balls.

(Exit.)

PALMER. Ball one.

WALLACE. Well, that was wide enough.

PALMER. Ball two.

MCGEE. The Rabbit has a good eye.

BEECHER. You hit at one a mile over your head.

PALMER. Strike one.

MCGEE. Yes, and you plowed up the ground trying to dig one out of the dirt.

PALMER. Ball three.

KOLER. Whoop de-rum-de-dum, Greenboro !

SEVERAL. He can't get 'em over. He can't get 'em over.

PALMER. Ball four. Take your base.

RAMSHAW. I'll coach myself. We need a run, now or never. Don't hit, Jerry, until the Rabbit has a chance to steal.

(Exit, R.)

MILMAN. Watch me poke her out of the park.

BEECHER. We'll all be watching.

PALMER. Batter up.

KOLER. Look at that lead. He's half-way to second. Better watch out.

PALMER. Ball one.

MCGEE. There he goes ! There he goes ! Look at that Rabbit run !

KING. They can't put the ball on him. He's too small to find.

HERFORD. Oh, the throw's got him beat. *(Groans.)*

KING. No, it hasn't. Look at that slide. Just look at that slide.

MCGEE. The famous vanishing slide. The Rabbit and I have been practicing it for a month.

KING. Anyway, he's safe on second. Now, if Milman can only deliver.

BEECHER. Just a little single, Jerry.

WALLACE. If ever you hit it, let it be now.

PARKER. There it goes. There it goes.

KING. They can't get it.

(The players are all standing and excited.)

BEECHER. Right over second. Come on, you Rabbit. Come on, you Rabbit.

MCGEE. Just look at him run.

KING. He'll beat any throw they can make.

BEECHER. Well, I guess yes.

PARKER. He's in. Safe a mile ! A run, a run ! We've got a run !

(*The boys scramble all over each other in their excitement, shouting enthusiastically. ELBURY comes to the bench breathless and brushing his clothes. He is congratulated on all sides.*)

MCGEE. Oh, they've got Milman between bases. Yes, he's out.

KING. Never mind. We've got the run. Now, hold 'em down.

(*Enter RAMSHAW, R.*)

MCGEE. We'll hold 'em.

RAMSHAW. Hold them tight, fellows. We've got the edge now. They'll find it hard to get a run the way we're going.

PALMER. Batter up. (*The players exeunt hurriedly, KOLER, LAWLER and RAMSHAW remaining on the bench.*) Batter up.

RAMSHAW. This Jackson's in a batting mood to-day. Look at him go after that one.

PALMER. Strike one.

KOLER. He's made two hits already.

LAWLER. That's enough. Believe me.

RAMSHAW. It ought to be (*suddenly excited*), but there's another.

LAWLER. Right over second, a beaut.

KOLER. Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Hold 'em! Greenboro!

LAWLER. I hope Lynch doesn't butt in with another three-bagger.

KOLER. Well, you hang on to that bench and hope hard.

RAMSHAW. It's the hit and run.

KOLER. Right into Slats' mitt.

RAMSHAW. It's as good as a sacrifice.

(*Shouts from the Hawksville coach can be heard off R.*)

KOLER. My heart's in my mouth.

LAWLER. How does it taste?

RAMSHAW. They've got two chances to bring it in.

PALMER. Strike one.

KOLER. This excitement is too much.

LAWLER. Get under that bench and I'll tell you about it when it's all over.

KOLER. It's a hit. (*Groans.*)

LAWLER. Not much; Elbury will get it.

RAMSHAW. The Rabbit is gobbling everything to-day.

PALMER. You're out.

KOLER. Oh, what an excitement. Two down and a man on third.

LAWLER. And one needed to tie.

RAMSHAW. If we can only get this man.

LAWLER. There it goes. It's a fly.

RAMSHAW. King'll get it.

(All three rise excitedly.)

KOLER. By George, he can't make it. He was playing too deep.

RAMSHAW. Look at him run.

KOLER. Oh, Mr. Ball, stay up a second.

LAWLER. He can't make it.

(A great shout is heard off R.)

RAMSHAW. He's got it. He's got it; the side's out. Greenboro wins.

PALMER. You're out.

(Greenboro players come trooping in R., excitedly. PALMER, removing his cap and protector, is among them, also several Hawksville players and spectators. The Greenboro players are clapping each other on the back and shaking hands. Behind them all KING comes running in R.)

KING. What was your decision, Mr. Umpire?

PALMER. Out. Side's retired.

KING. You're wrong, Mr. Umpire. I didn't catch that ball. Their run counts and the batter is safe.

(Consternation and astonishment on all sides.)

SEVERAL. He can't reverse his decision.

KING. I reached for it, and it came to me on a little short bound and stuck in my mitt.

PALMER. Well, this beats anything I ever heard of. Resume your places.

McGEE. He can't change his decision. Why, that would tie the score.

RAMSHAW. Yes, he can. We want to win honestly. Square is a prince. Go back and hold them.

PALMER. Batter up.

(The players exeunt excitedly.)

KOLER. That makes it one to one. Well, he's like a piano, that King is.

LAWLER. How?

KOLER. He's square, upright and grand.

RAMSHAW. He is that. Well, Ambole won't do anything.

PALMER. You're out.

(The Greenboro players come trooping in, not so jubilant as before.)

ELBURY. I don't see why King had to be so mighty particular.

McGEE. Why couldn't he leave it to the umpire? Why, in the third inning I was safe a mile, and he called me out.

RAMSHAW. No, sir, we don't want to take any game that way. Now go out and win it.

McGEE (*gloomily*). Maybe!

ELBURY. Oh, cheer up, Slats.

McGEE (*grumbling*). I say, let the umpire decide.

PALMER. Batter up.

RAMSHAW. Herford's up.

ELBURY. Start something, Rollie.

HERFORD (*as he exits R.*). I got a base on balls in the second inning.

ELBURY. That's what I call robbing a baby.

McGEE (*still grumbling*). There we had the game and they pulled it away.

PARKER. You're all right, Square.

BEECHER. You done noble, as the poet said.

RAMSHAW. We'll win yet.

LATIMER. Win your own game, Rollie.

ELBURY. He's full of just such tricks.

WALLACE. He's held 'em down so far, hasn't he?

McGEE. Yes, but look at the support we've given him.

ELBURY. Talk about your stone-wall infields.

PALMER. Strike one.

McGEE. Aw, hit at 'em, Rollie.

BEECHER. A stone wall's a sieve compared to us.

PALMER. Strike two.

McGEE. Well, he pretty near hit it.

ELBURY. You make a pretty big target to hit at, Fatty.

BEECHER. You don't see anything get past me, do you?

ELBURY. You fumbled one.

BEECHER. It didn't get past me, though.

PALMER. Strike three ; you're out.

McGEE. One down.

LATIMER. Paste her a mile, Square, old chap.

(KING takes a bat determinedly and exits.)

RAMSHAW. King'll win this game right here. I'm going out to coach.

McGEE. If he don't it won't be because he doesn't try.

PALMER. Strike one.

McGEE. Now. Get onto that swipe.

ELBURY. He wants it all or nothing.

McGEE. Guess it'll be nothing. Houser's got an awful curve. I saw a snake first time up.

PALMER. Strike two.

McGEE. He's feeding 'em to him right over the plate. (*The players jump to their feet excitedly.*) There it goes. By George, it's a liner.

ELBURY. Right to center field.

LATIMER. No, left'll get it.

WALLACE. They won't any of 'em get it. It's between 'em. It's a two-bagger, sure.

McGEE (*jumping around*). It's got past them. Come on, you Square.

KOLER. Make it third.

LAWLER. The center fielder's got it.

McGEE. He's coming home.

ELBURY. Look at that throw.

(*The players crowd around at R. of stage, greatly excited and apparently watching the flying KING and the ball sent to intercept him.*)

KOLER. They're right together.

LAWLER. Slide, King, old chap.

SEVERAL. What is it?

McGEE. Safe! The umpire says safe. A homer for King! I told you so!

ELBURY. Greenboro wins!

(KING and RAMSHAW come running in, KING brushing his suit. The boys put KING on their shoulders, all shouting, "Greenboro, Greenboro, whip-de-ray-de-boom-de-ay Greenboro!")

RAMSHAW. We beat them, and we beat them square.

ELBURY. "Square's" right.

(Lays a hand on KING's shoulder.)

(Enter MR. HARRISON and MR. ROBERTS, R.)

MR. HARRISON. I want you to show me the boy who came forward and told the umpire he didn't catch that ball.

MR. ROBERTS (*singling KING out from his crowd of admirers*). This is the lad.

MR. HARRISON. What, the same one that made the home run!

SEVERAL. Sure. He won the game for us.

MR. HARRISON. I told you I was to be the sole judge of the bestowal of the scholarship, Mr. Roberts. Well, I don't know anything about this boy's studies, but I've had a good insight into his character. The scholarship goes to the boy who had nerve enough to come in and say, "Mr. Umpire, I didn't catch that ball." What's his name?

MR. ROBERTS. King. "Square" King, they call him. He is one of the boys I mentioned. He and Collins were an exact tie in their studies.

MR. HARRISON. He's played baseball square. He'll play the game of life square. I'm going to tell them all. (*Louder tone.*) Mr. King, "Square" King, you are the winner of the Harrison scholarship. You can go to any University in the United States at my expense.

KING. Me? (*He is overcome.*) Oh, thank you, sir. (*Aside to RAMSHAW.*) This means a lot to me.

ALL THE BOYS. Hurrah for Square King!

(Three cheers heartily given as the curtain falls.)

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